

The second part of

Which once in him abated, al the rest
 Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heauy lead.
 And as the thing thats heauy in it selfe,
 Vpon enforcement flies with greatest speeds:
 So did our men, heauy in Hot-spurs losse,
 Lend to this weight such lightnesse with their feare,
 That arrowes fled not swifter toward their ayme,
 Than did our souldiers aiming at their safetie,
 Fly from the field: then was that noble Worcester,
 So soone tane prisoner, and that furious Scot,
 The bloody Douglas whose well labouring sword,
 Had three times slaine th'appearance of the King,
 Gan vaile his stomacke, and did grace the shame
 Of those that turn'd their backes, and in his flight,
 Stumbling in feare, was tooke: the summe of all
 Is, that the King hath wonne, and hath sent out,
 A speedy power to incounter you my lord,
 Vnder the conduct of yong Lancaster,
 And Westmerland: this is the news at ful.

Earle For this I shal haue time enough to mourne,
 In poison there is phisicke, and these newes,
 Hauing beene wel, that would haue made me sickes:
 Being sickes, haue (in some measure) made me wel:
 And as the wretch whose feuer-weakned ioynts,
 Like strengthlesse hinges buckle vnder life,
 Impacient of his fit, breakes like a fire
 Out of his keepers armes; euen so my limbes,
 Weakened with griefe, being now enragde with griefe,
 Are thrice themselves: hence therefore thou nice crutch,
 A scaly gauntlet now with ioynts of Steele
 Must gloue this hand, and hence thou sickly coife,
 Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
 Which princes, sleight with conquest, ayme to hit:
 Now bind my browes with yron, and approach
 The raggedst houre that Time and Spight dare bring,
 To frowne vpon th'inragde Northumberland,

Let

Henry the

Let heauen kisse earth, now let not
 Keepe the wild flood confind, let
 And let this world no longer be a
 To feed contention in a lingring
 But let one spirite of the first born
 Raigne in all bosomes, that ech he
 On bloody courses, the rude sean
 And darknesse be the burier of the

Vmfr. This strained passion do

Bard. Sweet earle, diuorce not

Mour. The liues of all your lo
 Leau on you health, the which if
 To stormy passion must perforce

Bard. We all that are engaged
 Knew that we ventured on such da
 That if we wrought out life, twas
 And yet we venturd for the gaine
 Choakt the respect of likely perill
 And since we are orefet, venture a
 Come, we will al put forth body a

Adour. Tis more then time, an
 I heare for certaine, and dare speak

North. I knew of this before,
 This present griefe had wipte it fr
 Go in with me and counsell euery
 The aptest way for safety and reue
 Get postes and letters, and make f
 Neuer so few, and neuer yet more

Enter sir Io'n alone, with his
and bucke

John Sirra, you giant, what saies

Page He said sir, the water it fe
 but for the party that owed it, he n
 he knew for.